I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu.Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse me noble father laide on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers frow his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So just is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dors. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Qu.Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my woefull banishment,
Could all but answer for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prin
For Edward my son, which was Princ
Die in his youth, by like vntimely vi
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched
Long maist thou liue to waile thy ch
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald
Long die thy happie daies before thy
And after many lengthened houres
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englan
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers
And so was thou Lord Hastings, whe
Was stabd with bloody daggers, Go
That none of you may liue your natu
But by some vnlookt accident cut o
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou
Qu.M. And leaue out thee? stay d
If heauen haue any grieuous plague
Exceeding those that I can wish vpo
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be
And then hurle downe their indigna
On thee the troubler of the poore w
The worme of conscience still begna
Thy friends suspect for traytors whil
And take deepe traytors for thy deare
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diue
Thou eluish markt, abortiue rooting
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heaui
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers lo
Thou rag of honour, thou detested,
Glo. Margaret.
Qu.M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
Qu.M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for I h

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